

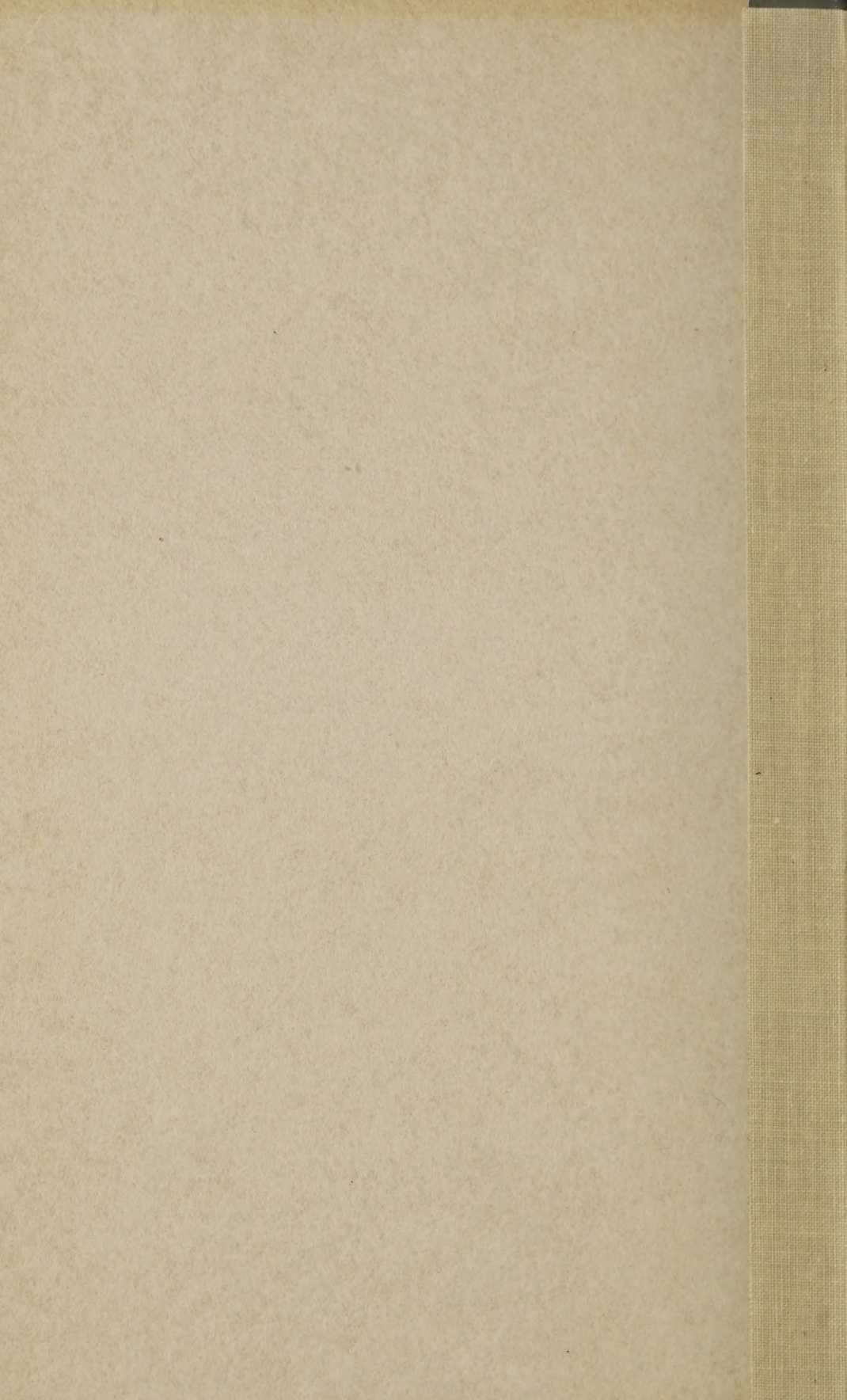
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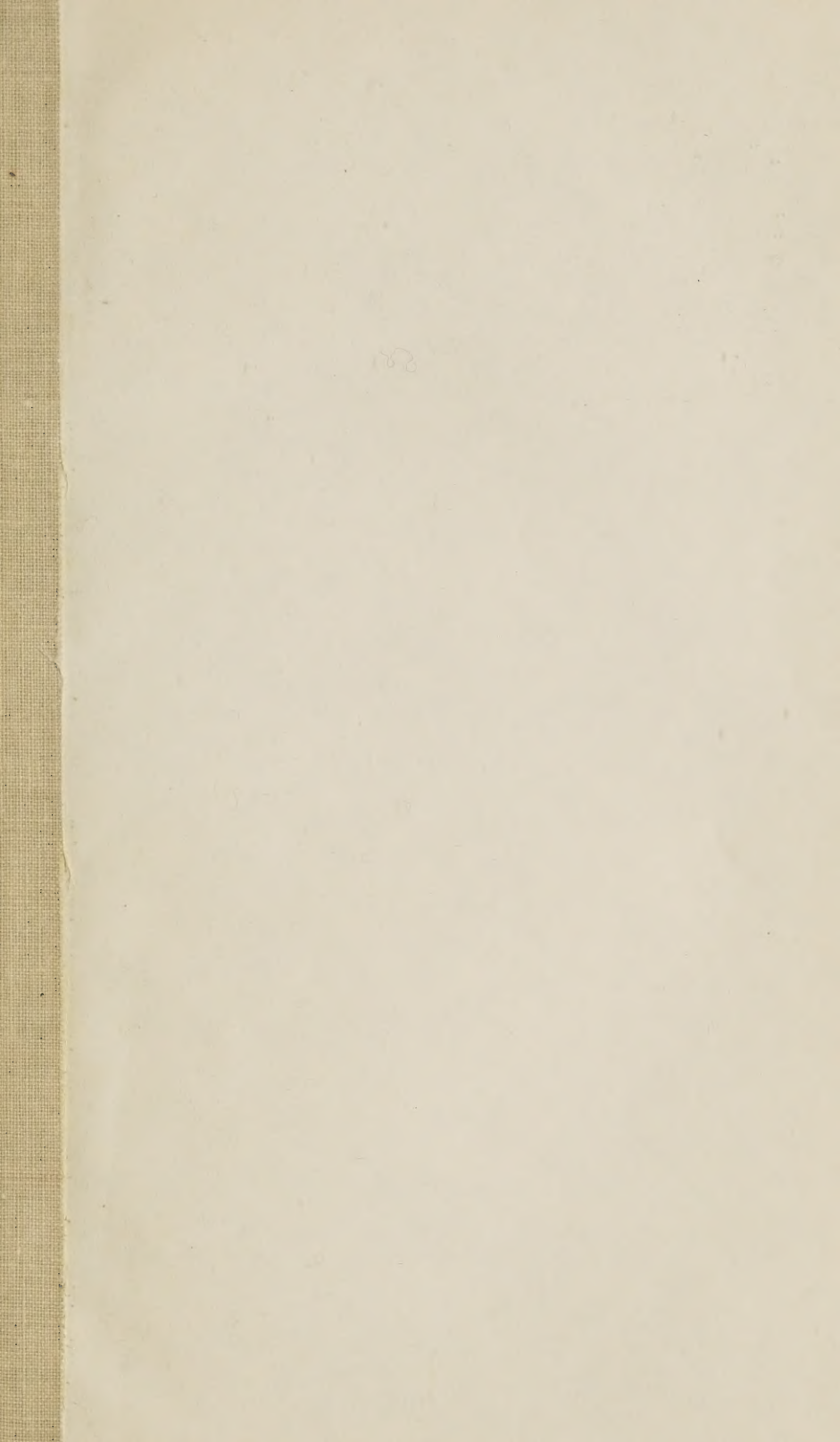
NORTH CAROLINA IN RHYME


By

Charles Hampton Johnson

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North Carolina in Rhyme.

I have not written for the wise
To compliment or criticise,
But for each child in youthful joy,
Each little girl, each little boy:
And I want all to plainly see
No land is better than N. C.

---C. H. Johnson.

Dedicated to the
CHILDREN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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Published Sept. 3, 1911.

Press
UNION REPUBLICAN PUB. CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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North Carolina In Rhyme.

AMADAS AND BARLOW IN N. C.

In fifteen hundred eighty four,
We left old England's rugged shore,
On the Great Ocean we did go,
Tossed by the waves both to and fro,
About three thousand miles or more,
Before we reached another shore.
Two months or more had passed away,
Before we saw the land one day.
And on this fair shore we did land,
With flowers blooming on each hand,
With their sweet odor in the air,
And luscious grapes were ev'ry-where.
When we left the white sea-washed sand,
And stood upon the higher land,
We found this was an island fair,
With flowers, grapes, and trees so rare.
The great high pines and cedars too,
With other trees made a nice view.
Abundance of game we found here,
Fowls of the air, hares, conies, deer.
With all this beauty on each hand,
We thanked the Lord for our safe land.
Possession then of all in sight,

We took the land by the Queen's right.
The third day, three men came in view,
And reached us in a small canoe.
Into our ships one man did go,
And strange things to him we did show.
A shirt and hat we gave him then:
And he returned to the two men.
A boat load of fish he soon caught;
And as a gift to us he brought.
The next day, forty men or more,
With their boats, landed on the shore:
And they were handsome kind and good,
The greater part of the men stood;
But on the ground was spread a mat,
And on this five of these men sat;
The brother of their king sat there,
With small black eyes and long black hair:
He wished us to sit by his side:
We did so to his joy and pride.
His words we could not understand;
But he made gestures with his hand,
And so we all could plainly see
They were all friendly as could be.
They made us welcome in their way:
We traded with them day by day:
The brother of the king did eat
With us, our bread and wine and meat.
He sent to us all we could wish,
Each day, some conies, hares, and fish,
Corn, walnuts, melons, luscious fruits,
And many kinds of useful roots.

Eight of us went with them one day
 To their home twenty miles away.
 On Roanoke these men did dwell,
 That treated all of us so well.
 When we came to this island fair,
 Some ran to meet us over there.
 On their backs we went through the sand,
 Until we had reached the dry land;
 And then the men put us all down:
 And soon we reached their little town.
 The women washed our clothes and feet;
 And gave us all they had to eat:
 They treated us with care and love:
 They were as gentle as a dove:
 Yes, free from guile, with much of grace,
 They truly are a noble race.



MANTEO AND MANCHESE.

About two Indian boys I'll tell
 Who with the white men went to dwell.
 They went across the mighty sea,
 And came back with the colony.
 The Indians all were good and kind
 To the white men at first I find,
 Till the white men burnt a town up,
 Because they'd lost a silver cup.
 So one of the boys left them then;
 He would not stay with cruel men.
 Some praise the other Indian boy,
 And speak of him with pride and joy;

But I shall praise this very one,
 Who was the dutyful true son,
 And who would not his race betray,
 Or see them murdered in a fray.



A SILVER CUP.

When the white men came here to dwell,
 The red men treated them all well:
 They gave them food all they could wish;
 They showed them how to catch the fish;
 They gave them all they had to give;
 Two boys went with the whites to live.
 The white men lost a cup one night;
 This made them mad enough to fight.
 So they accused an Indian lad
 Of stealing this cup which was bad.
 And when the cup they could not find,
 A fit of vengeance seized their mind:
 So they cursed as they fired each gun
 At the poor Indians who had run.
 Yes, they were in an ugly plight,
 And ready for a bloody fight:
 And in this shameful maddened mind,
 Destroyed all that they could find.
 And where they lodged the night before,
 And eat inside the red man's door,
 They now would pay with fire and gore.
 For ev'ry wigwam now they burned,
 And to the fields of grain they turned:
 All was destroyed that was in sight:

The Indians then were stirred up right;
 And ready then to go and fight,
 Much trouble was caused by this act,
 Yes, many bloody wars in fact.
 But "Will" Penn treated them all right,
 And so they never had a fight.
 Yes, when the frozen snake you warm,
 He then begins to do you harm:
 But, if you feed a hungry sheep,
 His love for you will always keep.



VIRGINIA DARE.

The English first came to this shore,
 And settled Roanoke before
 Virginia, twenty years or more;
 About two years and a full score.
 Two settlements there were, you know,
 That treated the poor Indian so
 That it was dangerous to stay,
 So all but a few sailed away.
 A few staid, and Virginia Dare
 Was born, while they remained still there.
 Of all the English children born,
 She was the first one to adorn
 The pages of our history,
 But makes her fate a mystery.
 For she and they with her were lost,
 Or they a sheet of water crossed,
 When they the pangs of hunger felt;
 And with the Indians went and dwelt.

This last is likely to be true
Because they wrote where they went to:
Wrote Croatan on a large tree,
So White and all could plainly see.
For when White sailed back for supplies,
His country then, to his surprise,
Was in a bloody war with Spain.
This is why he had to remain
Three years before he could return
To Roanoke and there to learn
He could not find a single man,
For they had gone to Croatan.
So he searched for this place with care,
But ne-er did find Virginia Dare.
And her fate is forever sealed
Unless to man it is revealed.
An Indian legend I will tell,
A story that I love so well.
The Indians, so the story goes,
In pity, did not slay their foes:
Nor even treat them very rude;
But found them hungry, gave them food.
And like a noble, gentle dove,
Adopted them in tender love;
And made Virginia Dare their Queen,
Called her their little Fairy Queen.
The tribe was ruled by beauty then,
And not the will of wicked men.
And long she lived and ruled them well;
But of her beauty none could tell,
For she was lovely, sweet and fair;

A crown of flowers in her hair,
 She was the pride of each one there,
 The Fairy Queen, Virginia Dare.



WHITE'S RETURN.

Mid songs of birds among the trees,
 The scent of flowers in the breeze,
 Again White landed on our shore
 To see Virginia Dare once more.
 Two years he had been kept away:
 In England, he was forced to stay
 And help defend his native land:
 So he obeyed the Queen's command:
 And fought against the Spanish Fleet,
 Till its destruction was complete.
 But when this bloody strife was o'er,
 He sailed for Carolina's shore.
 How glad was he to reach the land!
 He thought he'd clasp his daughters hand,
 And kiss the babe, Virginia Dare,
 When he got to his people there.
 But, oh, what sorrow filled his mind,
 When his loved ones he could not find!
 But Croatan, carved on a tree,
 Gave him a clew where they might be.
 And so he did not then despair,
 But hunted for Virginia Dare
 And his dear daughter, far and wide,
 On land, and sea, across the tide.
 But all was vain, he could not find

Those dearest to his heart and mind.
 With grief more than the tongue can tell
 For each dear one he loved so well,
 He then made ready to depart,
 And left our shore with a sad heart;
 And back to England he did go,
 The fate of them to never know.



INDIAN SLAVES.

Once some men of New England fame
 To the mouth of the Cape Fear came.
 One of these men was shrewd of speech:
 The Indian children he would teach:
 He told them of the schools so grand
 In Massachusetts lovely land;
 That they could learn so fast up there.
 Of course they did not see the snare;
 But wished to go to learn to read:
 The teacher had shown them the need.
 At last their parents let them go;
 But then alas they did not know,
 When their dear children left the shore,
 They'd see their boys and girls no more.
 In Cuba they sold them as slaves,
 Which grieved their hearts unto their graves.



EARLY FREEDOM OF N. C.

The noble old State of N. C.
 Was settled by the brave and free,

Who spurned unjust and cruel laws ;
 And took a stand for freedom's cause.
 And though the colony was small
 Yet they assembled in the fall
 Of sixteen hundred sixty nine,
 Their laws to make also to sign.
 This was the first assembly here
 To make their laws without a fear ;
 For they were brave as men could be,
 And were determined to be free.
 They were oppressed in other lands,
 They sought the aid of other plans ;
 So they to Carolina came,
 And helped to make for her a name.
 All went well till the king did rule
 Them like a tyrant and a fool,
 And then they rose in all their might,
 And caused the wrongs to be made right
 A constant struggle as you see,
 A hundred years for liberty,
 Till death had shrouded Tyranny,
 And all America was free.



"THE FIRST ARMED RESISTANCE"

The sloop-of-war in the Cape Fear
 Was met by men from far and near,
 With guns, they boldly took their stand,
 And would not let the captain land
 His load of stamps for them to use :

For liberty they now did choose:
 And tyranny they did refuse.



TRIUMPH OVER THE STAMP ACT.

Men from their towns and from their farms,
 With both Ashe and Waddell took arms:
 And at the wharf they took their stand,
 And, with their weapons all in hand,
 They then forbid the stamps to land.
 This terrified the captain so,
 He did not land the stamps you know.
 They seized one of his boats also,
 And placed it on a cart to go
 To Wilmington that night to show
 That they had gained their object well,
 For the boat would the story tell.
 Its flag was floating in the breeze:
 All of this was inclined to please
 The people as they came in view,
 They joined in the procession too.
 And when to Wilmington they came,
 All of the town joined in the same.
 And lighted up so very bright
 On that historic noble night,
 All of which made a thrilling sight,
 And also formed a triumph right.
 They forced the agents to resign:
 The governor was brought in line
 Yes, Tryon was compelled in fact
 Not to enforce the hated act.

This was a noble victory
 For the great cause of liberty.



THE BRAVE BOYS OF ROCKY RIVER.

Before the Regulator War,
 When Tryon sent to Charlestown for
 Supplies to carry on the fight,
 It was found out by Major White,
 With seven other men one night,
 That loaded wagons were in sight.
 So they disguised and blacked each face,
 And gave three loaded wagons chase.
 Three miles west of Concord they found
 The wagons camped on a high ground,
 And not far from the public road:
 The wagons then they did unload:
 The powder soon they did explode:
 And other things around were strowed.
 These men were noble, true, and brave,
 And did this act men's lives to save.
 But Tryon afterward found out
 Who these men were and set about
 To catch them all who did this act,
 But this he never did in fact.
 The Tories watched for them each day;
 But these brave Whigs were hid away,
 And fed by friends who loved the cause,
 And hated Tryon's cruel laws.
 One of these Whigs was found one day
 By Tories, but he rode away,

And down a bank so very steep
 Into the river he did leap
 With his horse thirty feet below ;
 And dared the Tories there to go :
 But they did not choose to do so.
 "Bob" Davis was this heroes name,
 That did this deed and has this fame :
 All eight of these were brave we claim.
 Such men have formed our noble State ;
 Their deeds have made our country great.
 Yes, these are men that cannot die,
 Though in the dust their forms may lie,
 Their spirits live in earth and sky.



THE BOY HERO.

Ten years of strife had passed away
 Before the awful tragic day
 Of which I wish you all to know,
 When bravely died this young hero.
 This land was in a great uproar
 From mountain top to the sea shore ;
 For Tryon's rule was very bad,
 And so it made the people mad.
 A tax on many things was laid,
 A tax which never would be paid.
 At last the people in their might
 Declared that they would have to fight,
 If Tryon would not hear their cause,
 And not enforce the unjust laws.
 He promised them some things he'd do,

His promise proved to be untrue.
The Regulators once again
To Tryon sent the best of men.
With him they wished to make all right,
So they would not be forced to fight.
But Tryon would not hear their cause;
But said they must obey the laws.
At last a boy was sent to treat;
But Tryon shot him at his feet.
The battle then began aright:
The Regulators had to fight.
For two long hours then or more,
They heard the awful cannon roar.
Amid the carnage and the gore,
Brave men fell there to rise no more.
Among the heroes in the fray,
Who fell for freedom on that day,
None shines with a more glowing light
Than he who treated for the right;
And fell a martyr in the fight.
The first in all the land was he
To give his life for liberty.
When you count the names of heroes,
It matters not if friends or foes,
Remember Robert Thompson's name
Stands high upon the walls of fame.



THE HEROES OF ALAMANCE.

I wish to give the heroes praise,
Who gave their lives in other days

For liberty and for the right,
 In the first Revolution fight.
 At Alamance, they took their stand,
 The first in all this famous land,
 To fight against the unjust laws,
 The first to die for freedoms cause.
 Yes, best of all, I love to tell
 Of those who in this battle fell.
 No battle fought was e'er more just,
 And no field holds more sacred dust.
 Rest on true heroes of the brave,
 Your dust is resting in the grave:
 But monuments to you shall rise,
 And laud your names unto the skies.



A LITTLE HERO.

Captain Messer's 10-year-old boy.

The Regulator fight was o'er,
 But Tryon wished for other gore.
 A man he captured in the fray,
 He said must hang on the next day.
 Next day the poor man's loving wife
 Came pleading for her husband's life.
 The poor wife did not get relief;
 For Tryon did not care for grief.
 The time was up when he should die,
 A little boy with a wild cry,
 Said, "Hang me, let my Father live!"
 My life for Father I will give;
 "If Pa is hung, my Ma will die;"

The little ones will starve thereby.”
 Thus Tryon’s soul was moved to say,
 “Your father shall not hang to-day.”
 But Tryon was fixed in his ways,
 And at the end of a few days,
 The time to hang was set again,
 And he was hung with other men.
 Thus these men spurned the unjust laws,
 And died true martyrs in the cause.



THE MECKLENBURG RESOLUTIONS.

When this our country was not free,
 But ruled by England as you see,
 With tyranny so very base,
 Which was dishonor and disgrace
 To the great Anglo-Saxon race,
 ’Twas Mecklenburg that has the name
 Of being honored with the fame
 Of first to break the Tyrant’s chain,
 The flag of freedom first unfurled,
 The first to publish to the world,
 The tyrant’s fetters they had broke,
 And thrown off the oppressive yoke,
 Declared their county was now free,
 And should from then forever be.
 In the delightful month of May,
 In Charlotte on the nineteenth day,
 The people met, remained all night,
 And heard of Lexington sad fight,
 Then they all cried out in their might,

'Let us be free," they bravely said,
 The Declaration then was read.
 And then the people gave three cheers,
 That showed they had no doubts nor fears.
 The Resolutions were then signed
 By twenty-seven men I find,
 Who represented all the men,
 Committee for the county then ;
 For they knew well what they should do
 For people who were brave and true.
 They had the County in their charge,
 And knew the will of it at large.
 They made their rules and laws also,
 And made the Tories run you know.
 And when the British army came,
 They then gained for themselves the name
 Of Hornets' Nest, and other fame,
 The country is so proud to claim.



OTHER COUNTIES.

The Other Counties even then
 Had, as you know, militia-men,
 Committees, for their safety too,
 Who had important work to do
 And were as brave and just as true ;
 And were for liberty in fact,
 But wished the state to do the act.
 Our State then took a noble stand,
 And was the first in all the land,
 To tell her men in Congress three,
 That they must vote for liberty.

A FIST FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

Till Independence was proclaimed,
The Yadkin Forkes they had been famed
For mustering men for King George:
And Bryan had the men in charge.
He was the Captain of the men:
Rich Pearson, his Lieutenant then,
For Independence did declare,
Requesting some to load their guns;
Of course he knew the very ones,
In whom to place his sacred trust,
And fight for him, if fight they must.
When Bryan ordered all in ranks,
He did not know of Pearson's pranks.
The order Pearson now declines,
Also his office he resigns.
So his arrest then Bryan tried;
But loaded guns were at his side,
And his arrest they did resist:
The two agreed to fight with fist;
Because as ev'ry thing then stood,
All of the men said that they should
Indulge in a fist and skull fight,
Deciding by their pluck and might,
Whose men they afterward should be,
For King George or for liberty.
If Colonel Bryan should succeed,
Then he the company would lead:
If Pearson should win in the fight,
Then he would lead all in the right.
And so on the apointed day,

They met and joined in the affray.
 And Pearson was the victor then,
 So he commanded all the men,
 Who did their duty on each day,
 They fought Cornwallis on his way
 Through Carolina so they say;
 For Pearson joined the bloody fray.
 He was true to the very core;
 Such men are blest forever more.



MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE.

At Moore's Creek Bridge there was a fight,
 And the first one gained for the right,
 In all this Union good and strong:
 I give this glory in my song.
 The Whigs were brave as they could be,
 Because they fought for liberty;
 And on the lapel of each coat,
 This word in triumph there was wrote.
 No battle e'er was fought and won
 By braver men beneath the sun.
 Thanks to Ashe and to Lillington,
 For with their men they made them run;
 And Caswell, like a noble Greek,
 And Slocumb who had crossed the creek,
 And, with his men, he put to flight
 The Tories who were in great fright;
 And so they ran with all their might.
 And thanks to Moore who planned the fight,

And to each man who took his stand,
And fought for this our native land.



MY WIFE WAS THERE.

Ezekiel Slocumb is my name,
But wealth nor fame I do not claim.
But what I have done in this life
Is mostly due to my dear wife.
I've lived to see my Country free,
And so has my sweet wife, Marie.
Another war we have gone through,
And seen our son in Congress, too.
But, with much pride, I love to tell
A story that I love so well.
The incident of which I speak
Occurred at the Bridge of Moore's Creek.
Here the first victory was wrought
In the great Revolution fought.
My wife and I were each eighteen,
She was as fair as any queen,
And I was ugly as all sin;
But then somehow I took her in.
I was unworthy this I know
Of loving her, my dear one so.
We were wed at this tender age;
And the war came on at this stage.
The Tories came from miles around
To join the British in the town.
They plundered, murdered as they went,

And terror to the heart they sent.
 Now for my country, home and wife
 If need be, I would give my life.
 I loved my wife with all my heart,
 Yet I felt that we soon must part:
 Yes, leave my dear young lovely wife
 To take a part in Civil strife.
 But she encouraged me in this;
 So with a sigh and with a kiss,
 I drew her to my bosom then;
 And left with eighty other men.
 One night my wife lay on her bed:
 She could not sleep because she said:
 She had a vision or a dream—
 Strange as all this to you will seem—
 Awake, asleep, it matters not;
 It is the truth, yes, ev'ry jot.
 She saw dead bodies all around,
 With many wounded on the ground:
 And with my guard cloak I was wound:
 Then from her bed she made a bound:
 With a wild cry she struck the floor:
 In great distress, rushed to the door.
 A babe was given us to care,
 And in our love and joy to share.
 A woman waked at her wild cry:
 The babe was not disturbed thereby.
 'Take good care of my babe,' she said,
 I'll see if Zeke, my love is dead.
 The woman tried to make her stay:
 But my dear wife would have her way.

The vision was still on her mind :
Her heart toward me was then inclined :
She caught and mounted her good steed ;
And soon was running at full speed.
She went the way the vision led,
Also the way the army tread.
And at the early break of day,
She was just thirty miles away.
But on she went, two hours more,
And then she heard the cannon roar.
And as she then came very near,
The smaller guns she now could hear ;
Also the shouts of men so clear :
But she was nerved beyond a fear.
She saw the battle field that day,
And blood that ebb'd the life away.
And now the vision of the night
Was painfully true in her sight.
Below the bridge near by some trees,
Some twenty wounded men she sees.
The place, the trees, and all she knew,
For now the dream proved to be true.
Yes, she had seen this all the night,
And now the truth is in her sight.
She saw the wounded as they bled :
She saw the dying and the dead.
One thing she did not fail to see,
My bloody guard cloak shrouding me,
My guard cloak stained with blood so red ;
This moment my dear wife did dread :
And in her agony she said,

My husband, O, my husband's dead!
 Unshrouding the poor wounded head,
 Revealed another man instead.
 And he was warm and still alive:
 She gave him drink, he did revive.
 She dressed his wounds and others too;
 For she found lots of work to do.
 She dressed the wounds of many men,
 Who lived and fought for us again.
 When Caswell came unto this place,
 He was surprised to see her face.
 'And why are you here anyhow,
 He asked, with a smile and a bow.
 'I though you'd need a nurse,' she said,
 While she raised poor Frank Cogdell's head.
 This noble man would have been dead:
 Just see how freely he has bled.'
 Just then I rushed in from the fight:
 I was a muddy, bloody sight:
 We had been marching in the night:
 That day we fought with all our might.
 I said, before my wife saw me,
 'Why, Mary! Hugging Frank, I see!
 'I do not care,' she loudly cried,
 'Frank is a brave man true and tried.'
 'True, true,' says Caswell, ev'ry word:
 I saw his heart was deeply stirred
 At the deeds of my noble wife,
 Whom I love more than my own life.
 Once more I kissed my lovely bride,
 And stood in rapture by her side.

And so this was a joyful day,
For we were victors in the fray;
And we were first in all the land
To whip a British Tory Band.
And they were Scotch Highlanders too,
The best of soldiers brave and true.
Most of us never saw a fight;
But we were fighting for the right:
And "Liberty or Death" was wrote
On the lapel of ev'ry coat.
So we all fought to whip of course,
And yelled aloud till we were hoarse.
And when the battle we had won,
The yelling then had just begun.
The wounded too joined in the shout:
There was joy all around about.
But in the middle of the night,
My dear wife left this bloody sight.
We wanted her at least to stay
Until the early dawn of day:
And we would send some one with her;
But by herself she did prefer.
And to us all she answered 'nay,'
I must see my babe, so away
She went in the dark and the night;
And soon from us was out of sight.
The war being o'er, the country free,
I went home, happy as could be,
For I know I love my Marie;
And my Marie, I know, loves me.

THE FIRST VICTORY OF THE REVOLU-
TIONARY WAR.

The Whigs of our state were in a bad plight :
 The British and the Tories were to fight ;
 The Scotch Highlanders, soldiers good and true,
 With their broad swords, the Whigs had to fight too.
 Two armies, also a large British fleet,
 At the mouth of the Cape Fear, were to meet :
 But when they all heard of Moore's Creek defeat,
 They all made an inglorious retreat,
 The Scotch Highlanders were inclined to meet
 The British army and the British fleet ;
 And so a way of safety they now seek ;
 So they hope to cross the Bridge of Moore's Creek.
 But they were thwarted in their trusted hope :
 The floor was gone, the logs were smeared with soap :
 The Whigs were on the other side also :
 But the brave Scotch made up their minds to go.
 They made a charge upon the Whigs also ;
 They were forced back, the Whigs turned on their foe
 The Scotch Highlanders were thus put to flight,
 And thirty fell in the creek, killed outright.
 Eight hundred fifty captured in the fray,
 With seventy-five thousand pounds that day :
 Swords, rifles, wagons, horses as a prey,
 Were taken when the Tories ran away.
 This was a time for the Whigs to rejoice,
 And they did so with one united voice.
 For truly this was the first victory
 That was gained for the cause of liberty.

Yes, first again stands this our noble State,
The first in all this Union truly great.



THE RESULT OF THE VICTORY.

Sir Peter Parker with his fleet,
And two great armies were to meet
At the mouth of the River Fear,
And were to meet with Tories here;
And here all these were to unite.
Against our State they were to fight,
And conquer it, for this they planned,
Then conquer all the Southern land.
The British came, afraid to land,
For fear the Whigs were close at hand;
For they had heard about Moore's Creek,
That great disaster and defeat.
So their own safety now they seek:
From Carolina they retreat:
Our State this victory did save,
Gained by the heroes of the brave.



TWO BATTLES THAT SAVED N. C.

The State was saved by Moore's Creek fight:
The Tories here were put to flight.
Both north and south our soldiers go
To fight in other states also.
All through this Union in each fight,
They fought for the cause of the right.

Yes, Moultrie of our men did say:
 'They've saved this country in the fray'.
 Charles Pinkney the same thing did write:
 The Old North State stands for the right.
 Her soldiers now so far away,
 The Tories organized one day;
 Thirteen hundred at Ramsour's Mill:
 Four hundred Whigs fought them to kill:
 And thus the victory they won:
 The Tories this time also run.
 This was a victory so great,
 It kept the British from our State;
 Like the fight at Moore's Creek had done,
 When the first victory was won.
 Three times Cornwallis did come here,
 Three times he left in a great fear.
 He found our State a hornet's nest,
 Behind each bush a rebel guest.



THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

My friends, if you will listen well,
 About a battle I will tell,
 Between the Whigs and Tories fought,
 And glory to the Whigs was wrought.
 Three hundred Tories, sixty Whigs,
 The latter had no baggage rigs.
 They forded the deep, broad Cape Fear,
 And in a little while were near
 To the camp which was in their sight.
 The Whigs surrounded them at night,

But when they 'waked, they tried to fight;
 But they were killed or put to flight:
 The Tories five to one you see,
 But the Whigs gained the victory.
 Commanded by brave Thomas Brown,
 The fight was at a Bladen town:
 Elizabethtown was the name,
 Where those men won heroic fame;
 Whose deeds should never be forgot,
 While there is a forget-me-not.
 Brave Colonel Brown called out his men
 By companies, in numbers ten.
 So it appeared ten times as large
 As the small number in his charge.
 And so the Tories in a fright
 Ran for their lives on that dark night.



“HORNETS’ NEST.”

At Charlotte, when the British came,
 The people won undying fame.
 With Colonel Davie at their head,
 To battle they were boldly led.
 Around and in the court house there,
 Where liberty they did declare,
 It seems they did their very best:
 The British called it “Hornets’ Nest.”
 So this and Ferguson’s defeat
 Caused all the British to retreat.

BRITISH, BEES, AND BOYS.

Four hundred British at a farm
 In Mecklenburg were doing harm,
 While plundering both house and barn,
 And taking horses, cows and corn.
 In haste and tumult then no doubt,
 For fear the Whigs would find them out,
 They overturned the bees in fright.
 The bees attacked them left and right:
 The men with yells ran to and fro,
 And tried to fight their little foe.
 The captain laughed at this new sight,
 While twelve boy Whigs joined in the fight,
 And put the British all to flight.
 So each boy with his trusty gun
 Joined in this Providential fun,
 And made four hundred British run.
 Thanks to the boys and bees again,
 Because they routed British men.



THE BATTLE OF MUSGROVE'S MILL

At Musgrove's Mill south of Enore River fair,
 The Whigs heard that five hundred Tories had met
 there:
 With Ferguson between, they wanted to unite.
 The Whigs went round the British camp, and rode
 all night.
 And as they neared the Tory camp at early light,
 They found six hundred British troops also in sight.

Of course they did not think the number half so great ;
 But Shelby knew that they should fight at any rate,
 Because the horses were too tired for a retreat,
 The Tories also he was anxious to defeat.

And, with the Tories or the British on each hand,
 There was the greatest danger to this little band.
 But they prepared breast-works and boldly took their
 stand,

And twenty-five, with Captain Inman in command,
 Were sent by Colonel Shelby to make the attack,
 Who were comanded to shoot once and then fall back.
 They crossed the river and performed their duty well,
 And by this plan a number of the Tories fell.

For they supposed that all the Whigs were in retreat,
 And rushed to the breast-works, received a great
 defeat.

Back to the camp the Tories hurry then to go,
 For they were vanquished that time right as you may
 know.

And driven to King's Mountain, where they took
 their stand

With Ferguson, the British Colonel in command.



THE BATTLE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN.

While on King's Mountain now I stand,
 I see great glory on each hand ;
 Where Whig and Tory met and fought ;
 And Britain in a trap was caught :
 The turning point it seems to me,
 That made Aemrica all free.

It was in the delightful fall,
 When joy should fill the hearts of all :
 For then we gather in the corn,
 And store the fodder in the barn,
 And listen to the hunters horn ;
 Leaves, flowers, and fruits are mature,
 And maidens with their hearts so pure,
 And boys in one united voice,
 Seem to make all the world rejoice.
 In this delightful autumn air,
 The country is so very fair.
 But our State was not happy then,
 For it was scourged by strife of men,
 Savannah also Charleston fell,
 Gates was defeated too as well.
 Disaster was marked on each hand,
 But nothing daunted this Whig band.
 When Ferguson had placed his men,
 He thought none could drive him again
 Back down the mountain's rugged side,
 But he learned better ere he died.
 The Whigs were told yes one by one,
 They must not be afraid of none ;
 But, if they were afraid to stay,
 That each and all should go away.
 But only one man left the rank,
 He must have been a thoughtless crank.
 The Tories fired on Shelby's men ;
 But they did not shoot back again.
 For Shelby to his men had said,
 'Get nearer do not waste your lead.'

When they got to their places then,
A yell was given by the men,
Which sounded all the way around:
The hills resounding with the sound.
‘This is the yelling crowd,’ one said,
The yelling crowd the British dread;
For he had heard this yell before;
For Shelby’s men, one time or more,
Had made the hills and valleys roar
With that same awful Rebel yell,
In battle when the British fell.
The British charged on Shelby’s men,
But Cleveland made them turn again;
For they were shot at from behind:
The enemy they tried to find.
Behind the trees the Whigs would creep:
The British, like a flock of sheep,
Came running down the mountain steep
To make a charge on Cleveland’s men.
‘Come on my men,’ then Shelby said,
‘The British Tories have all fled.’
Back to the fight his men he led:
But when the British found this out,
With bayonets they turned about:
Then Cleveland’s men also returned,
For long ago they all had learned
To bravely fight the Indian way,
Which worked out well for them that day:
For when the British turned about,
Another man was heard to shout,
‘Come on my men, they now retreat,’

The British now we will defeat.
 The men of Winston and Hambright
 Joined in the awful fearful fight,
 Sevier and Lacey, Williams too,
 With Campbell had enough to do.
 McDowel's men joined in the fray:
 While like a lion fights at bay,
 So Ferguson fought on that day.
 Three times he drove them down the hill,
 But they returned at their own will.
 Twice the white flag was reared on high,
 But twice it was cut down like rye
 By Ferguson's own hand in fact,
 And broke his sword in this same act.
 His silver whistle he used then
 To rally his discouraged men.
 With broken sword in his left hand,
 And with a remnant of his band,
 That he had rallied by command,
 With these, he tried the lines to break,
 And his escape he tried to make.
 He served his country true and well;
 But then at last he wounded fell.
 The seventh time shot, he fell dead;
 And then the band that he had led
 Threw down their arms and quit the fight,
 For they were truly whipped out right.
 And three hussas were given then
 For liberty by these brave men.
 No fight was ever wiser planned,
 Or executed by command.

This taught the Whigs they must be true ;
 The Tories learned a lesson too,
 And never were so bad again ;
 The British, also with their men,
 When they heard of the great defeat,
 Made an inglorious retreat.
 And this tradition comes to me,
 "Americans are always free."
 More glorious deeds ne'er were done,
 Or braver battles ever won,
 No not beneath the shining sun.
 And braver men have not been born,
 Than those who climbed the hills that morn,
 And when you count the true heroes,
 It matters not if friends or foes,
 None should impress you any more,
 Than those who fought in days of yore.
 But when the battle cry was o'er,
 And loud hussas were heard no more,
 They saw the dead of their own men,
 Their joy was turned to sorrow then.
 Such men as these have formed our State,
 And made our nation truly great.
 Without pay from the governemnt,
 For freedom's cause they boldly went,
 Without the hope of a reward,
 But they fought on their own accord.
 Yes, these were men both true and brave,
 Who for their country fought to save.

THE BRITISH HERO OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

On Tory side if wrong or right,
 The hero of this mountain fight
 Was Ferguson beyond a doubt,
 For when he died, the fight was out.
 He truly was as brave a man
 As ever drew a battle plan.
 He was a hero true and tried,
 And for his country fought and died,
 Though he was on the British side.
 Yes, we admire his valor true,
 For he did all that man could do.
 The place where he did fall is shown,
 Besides also his grave is known.
 Upon King's Mountain truly grand,
 Two monuments in glory stand,
 Reminding us of the Whig band
 That helped to free our native land.



TRICKEY LEGS.

Now when the Whigs had come in sight
 Of King's Mount where they were to fight,
 They told a man that he should stay,
 And not join in the frightful fray,
 Because they said he'd run away,
 As he had done before that day.
 But to this, the man answered 'nay,'
 'I will stand, live or die, I say.'
 But when the battle had begun,

This man at once began to run,
 Just like before that he had done.
 And when the battle had been won,
 His friends made mention of this act,
 And thus reproving him in fact.
 But then the man to them replied,
 To keep my word I truly tried;
 But at the fire of the first gun,
 Not a thing I knew till I'd run
 One hundred fifty yards or more,
 I then thought what I'd said before:
 To stop my legs I bravely tried,
 But they took me down the hill side.



THE SPY.

Green sent a spy whose name was Jones one day
 Inside the British camp not far away.
 Jones went disguised and gained his point all right;
 But when he wanted to depart that night,
 He was told to stop by a sentinel:
 He ran instead, but tripped his foot and fell:
 Into a hollow log he crawled to hide.
 The British hunted for him far and wide.
 At last they gave up the hunt for the spy,
 For they did not know that he was so nigh.
 Against that very log, they made a fire,
 Which made the inmate of the log retire.
 And when the British saw him rushing out,
 The all did not know what they were about.
 "It is old Nick himself," one of them said.

They did not wait to see, but they all fled.
 They soon returned without the slightest fear,
 And hunted for the spy both far and near;
 But he was hid in a house far away.
 They came to that house at the dawn of day:
 Jones rushed out from a barrel, stave in hand,
 And said: 'Come on, we have them now my band.'
 The British thought more men were there, I trow,
 At least they did not stand their ground nohow;
 But in a great rush for the open door,
 They all ran in confusion as before;
 And to the British camp they all did fly,
 Without the capture of the plucky spy.



COLONEL WM. HUNTER OF RANDOLPH
 COUNTY.

Dave Fanning had a hundred men,
 While Hunter, with about twice ten,
 Joined in a fight one fatal day,
 And so was captured in the fray.
 In a short time he ran away:
 The Tories on next day did find
 Him in a sack as corn to grind,
 For sacks with corn were on this one,
 A wagon had its trip begun.
 And when they found him in the corn,
 Said Fanning, 'You must hang this morn.'
 While they were fixing for this thing,
 On Fanning's best horse he did spring;

The horse ran with the greatest speed,
 While Fanning shot at man and steed;
 And leaped upon a horse also;
 And after Hunter he did go.
 His Tories on their horses too,
 In the pursuit they fairly flew.
 But Hunter reached the river Deep,
 And rode down a great rock so steep
 The Tories were afraid to try,
 And so he saved his life thereby.
 The river was not very wide:
 The horse swam to the other side:
 And Hunter paused upon the shore:
 And saw his enemy once more:
 He shook his fist at Fanning then:
 And bid farewell to all the men.



MAGGIE MCBRIDE.

In Guilford County lived a little maid,
 Whose name from history should never fade.
 Her name was Maggie, her surname, McBride.
 A band of Tories in the woods did hide,
 Who robbed the people all both far and wide.
 Their hiding place was known to Miss McBride;
 For she had seen the Tory camp one day.
 One night she went about two miles away
 With the Whigs to show them their hiding place.
 The Whigs put them to flight and gave them chase,

This brave girl heard the noise of this great fight,
 As she ran home alone on that dark night.
 The memory of this dear little maid
 From the minds of the young should never fade.



A WAR STORY.

“Who are you for,” was asked one day
 By a small company of men
 Who met a stranger on their way.
 The stranger was confused at this,
 And did not know what he should say,
 For when the Whigs and Tories met,
 They often had a bloody fight;
 And he did not know which they were,
 And so he did not answer right.
 They hung him to a limb near by,
 But soon they cut him down again,
 For they did not wish him to die.
 And when he journeyed on his way,
 About a dozen men he met,
 Who the same words to him did say.
 This time he answered wrong also,
 Adverse from what he had before:
 The crowd again he did not know.
 So he was hung the second time;
 But he was taken down again.
 And in his journey as before,
 He met another crowd of men;
 And thus the same word they did ask.

The poor old fellow almost dead,
 Didn't wish to answer them at all.
 These are about the words he said,
 'I'm for the 'devil now I guess,
 Because I have been hung up twice
 For answering that question wrong,
 And so I guess I'll be hung thrice.'
 With rope in hand, swung to a limb,
 They said, 'we hate to treat you so,
 But since you say you are for him,
 We had as well to let you go.
 They swung him up and went away,
 So he was hung three times that day.
 But one slipped back and with his knife,
 He cut him down and saved his life.



A BAG OF GOLD.

When Green was in the greatest need,
 His hungry men he could not feed,
 And he had not a cent to spend,
 And none were found inclined to lend,
 His woe to Mistress Steele he told;
 She gave to him a bag of gold,
 The savings of her own dear hand;
 She did this for her native land.
 'The work of many years,' said she,
 'But I give it for liberty;'
 I hope to see my country free.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Here in the county, Halifax,
 The British did some cruel acts.
 They plundered both the house and barn,
 They took the people's food and corn,
 Their cattle and their hogs and meat,
 Their horses and their sheep and wheat.
 They found a little horse one day,
 And they took it also away.
 But when Miss Bishop found this out,
 She was in trouble then, no doubt;
 For this was her own little steed
 Which she would often ride and feed.
 Though it was night, she went alone
 To Cornwallis to claim her own:
 Into the British camp she came;
 Her pony she saw and did claim;
 Of him she did demand the same.
 He was surprised at this brave act:
 He let her take her horse in fact.
 This little girl I'm glad to say,
 In triumph quickly rode away.



THE WOUNDED HAND.

Tradition gives us many facts,
 Though not recorded with men's acts.
 Yet interesting also true,
 So one of these I'll tell to you.
 Once Colonel Tarleton roughly said,

Of Colonel Washington who led
 The cavalry at Cow Pen's fight,
 And drove the British out of sight,
 'That he could hardly write his name.
 But Tarleton hung his head in shame,
 When Mistress Willie Jones did say,
 'Now hear me Colonel Tarleton pray,'
 Your wounded hand this truth will tell,
 He makes his mark, yes, very well.



BRAVE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

'Go men, go, take up arms,' said they,
 Go join yourselves in the affray,
 Fight for your mothers and your wives,
 Your children and your neighbor's lives,
 Your sisters and your brothers too;
 Be patient men both strong and true.
 Fight faithfully and do not fear:
 Your country and your homes are dear.
 We shall not be old England's slaves;
 We'd rather be laid in our graves:
 Such words as these the women said:
 The fires of liberty they fed.
 They stood for justice and the right;
 And they inspired the men to fight,
 While they themselves would plow the corn,
 And store the fodder in the barn:
 At spinning-wheel and loom with care;
 At night they made the clothes to wear.

THE ROCK HOUSE AND THE TORY DEN.

The Rock House and the Tory Den,
 One formed by nature one by men,
 Are grand and noble to behold;
 They have a story I unfold.
 Before the Revolution War,
 Jack Martin built the Rock House for
 Protection from the wild red men,
 Who still lived in this country then.
 And from this mansion on one night,
 Five miles away he saw a light
 Upon the rugged mountain height.
 With compass pointed toward that way,
 And at the early dawn of day,
 With a band of Whigs, so they say,
 The Colonel hastened to the place,
 And met the Tories face to face:
 But soon they run, he gave them chase:
 For they were beaten by his men:
 And so the noted Tory Den
 Is a cave in the mountain side
 Where all these Tories long did hide.
 Full fifty men, it has been said,
 Against this Tory band were led.
 Long since these men have passed away,
 But the Rock House remains today.



BETSY BRANDON, NEAR SALISBURY.

A girl was keeping house one day,
 While all the rest had gone away

To town to see the president :
 From far and near the people went :
 For Washington they wished to see,
 The leader of the brave and free.
 No doubt she wished that she could go
 To see the president also.
 Just then a man came to the door,
 A man she ne'er had seen before :
 While blushing at the man to meet,
 The stranger wished a bite to eat.
 The little maid then went to work ;
 From duty she would never shirk :
 And soon she cooked a bite to eat :
 And ev'ry thing was nice and neat :
 And when the stranger eat that day,
 And he was ready for his way,
 He kissed the little blushing maid
 Who by herself that day had stayed,
 By duty she was first to see
 The leader of the brave and free.



NATHANIEL MACON.

From his youth Macon was so kind,
 With noble heart and thoughtful mind.
 He went to school and learned quite fast,
 But this for him was not to last.
 The Revolution then began ;
 The country needed ev'ry man ;
 And so he laid his books aside

To help defend his country's pride.
As officer he did refuse,
To be a private he did choose;
And at the call he bravely went;
For serving he wouldn't take a cent.
His life and service truly great;
He served the nation and the state
For forty and two years in all,
Five years in the assembly hall,
The legislature twenty-four,
As senator ten and three more;
And over each he did preside:
His name was great both far and wide.
Two years he was the senate's pride,
And in the house five years beside.
When asked to run for president,
To this he would not give consent.
At great conventions he'd preside,
Of State and Uncle Sam beside.
He was an elector at large,
Presiding then he had in charge
The College of the votes in fact;
This was his last official act.
For thirty-seven years was he
In Congress as you plainly see,
The longest any have been there:
More honors none did ever share;
He was a great man of his day;
And of him John Randolph did say,
'He's the best man I ever knew
The wisest and the purest too.'

A county in our noble State,
 And twelve towns in our Union great,
 Are called by the great Macon's name,
 Which shows his great unbounded fame.



A RUDE MONUMENT.

Among the monuments that's found
 On Guilford's famous battle ground,
 Not one attracts my heart and mind,
 Like the rude one on which I find
 Great Nathaniel Macon's name,
 One who cared not for earthly fame;
 And in his greatness he had said:
 Remember this when I am dead,
 Just place a rude stone to my head,
 A native stone undressed and rough,
 To mark my grave and that's enough.
 No fine arch nor colossus high
 To laud his name unto the sky;
 But in the history he made,
 Those golden lines will never fade,
 For written in the hearts of men,
 Besides on pages with the pen,
 His noble deeds they cannot die,
 Though in the grave his form may lie,
 His country still shall know his fame,
 And still be found to bless his name.

ANDREW JACKSON.

In Mecklenburg was born a boy,
That was his mother's pride and joy.
Just a few days before his birth,
His father's soul had gone from earth.
The widow with two small sons more
Could not keep the wolf from her door;
She could not live alone she saw,
So she moved to friends in Waxhaw.
The little boy was full of fun,
And liked to wrestle, jump and run,
And mimic battles he would fight;
He would defend all in the right.
While at school he learned very fast,
And he was faithful to the last.
He was like a man strong and bold
When he was just thirteen years old.
And so he joined the Whigs to fight
For liberty and for the right.
Without food for a day and night,
He was then captured in that plight.
His brother too was captured then,
Perhaps with many other men.
A British wished his boots or shoes
To be cleaned by them, they refuse,
So they were wounded on the head;
And these two brothers almost dead,
Without a bit of drink or bread,
Just forty miles away were led.
And now in prison these two lay

Night after night, day after day,
Till their good Ma took them away,
When they were starving, almost dead,
And many a prayer had been said.
When they reached home his brother died,
But with his mother by his side.
His other brother long before
Had lost his life in frightful gore.
His mother also soon did die,
That mother, that both far and nigh,
Relieved the sick and wounded too,
To freedom's cause was always true.
And while returning from an act
Of greatest charity in fact,
Before she reached her home she died,
And was interred by the way-side.
Young Andrew, left alone, you see,
To fight the battles of the free:
And in the battles that he fought,
Great victories he always wrought.
He loved his men and this they knew,
Of course they were both good and true.
He let his sickly soldiers ride,
While he would walk close by their side.
Brave as a lion, strong and true;
Yes, four great wars he had gone through.
In the three last he did command,
And brought great glory to this land.

THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

The second war with England came :
The British thought the war was tame,
For they at first had had their way,
Had been successful in each fray.
But they had some things to learn yet,
For the right man they had not met.
But when to Orleans they came,
They were shot down like helpless game ;
For Andrew Jackson was a man
That always had a noble plan.
The British suffered great defeat ;
And so they made a quick retreat.
So Jackson had the greatest fame
That any in this war could claim ;
For with six thousand men that day,
Had held twelve thousand men at bay :
And these had fought at Waterloo,
And proved to be both good and true
In this great fight with Bonaparte,
A man of war, skilled in the art,
And they had humbled his pride too,
And tried their hand with red, white and blue,
But when our hero they did meet,
They fell by hundreds at his feet.
The living fled unto their fleet :
The victory was then complete :
And Jackson was the hero true,
Who saved our flag, red, white and blue.

THREE PRESIDENTS.

Two Presidents, both poor by fate,
 In two log cabins of our State,
 In Mecklenburg were born these two,
 James Polk and Jackson brave and true.
 The third at Raleigh poor also,
 So poor, to school he could not go.
 For his dear mother he would work,
 From duty he would never shirk,
 And though to school he never went,
 Yet Johnson made a president.
 These three all reached the highest fame
 Which any one on earth can claim.



A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

While Jackson was our president,
 And to the Capitol he went
 To a great funeral one day,
 When a man a few feet away
 Had treacherously took his stand,
 A loaded pistol in each hand,
 That had always fired so they claimed,
 And these at Jackson's breast were aimed;
 Both triggers were pulled for his gore;
 It looked like Jackson was no more.
 But Providence with power higher,
 It seems, wouldn't let the pistols fire.

FOUR NOTED MEN.

In eighteen hundred fifty two,
 North Carolina, strange but true,
 Gave to these great United States
 Both of the party candidates
 For the Vice-President, by name,
 "Will" King and Graham had this fame.
 Another thing I'll tell to you,
 Also in eighteen hundred two,
 Both Speakers of our Congress then
 Were from this State, both were great men.
 The Speaker, Aaron Burr resigned,
 "Jess" Franklin in his place I find;
 And Macon in the House beside,
 And over this he did preside.
 North Carolina's sons stand high,
 The fame of whom can never die.



GEN. THOMAS L. CLINGMAN.

At Huntsville this great man was born and bred,
 A hero who a useful life has led.
 The County, Surry, he did represent:
 As Senator, from Buncombe he was sent.
 In both the houses well he served the State,
 And he was sent to serve the Union great.
 As Representative, elected thrice,
 Also he was sent to the Senate twice.
 Twelve years in Congress he served well and true,
 And never missed a day till he withdrew

To join the cruel ranks of Civil strife,
 And share the hardships of a soldier's life.
 In the great battles fought and lost or won,
 With cruel weapons, bayonet and gun,
 Thrice he was wounded in the awful fray,
 Wounds which marked his form to his dying day.
 His writings all are classed among the best
 Produced in our State either east or west.
 When you think of the noble of our State,
 Count Thomas Clingman too among the great.



GEN. CLINGMAN AND THE HAT.

Much glory to the Southern Cause was wrought.
 At second Battle of Cold Harbor fought
 By men as brave as the world ever knew,
 The boys in gray against the boys in blue.
 A man on foot was leading his brave men
 In a grand charge upon the Yankees, when
 A bomb shell took off the brim of his hat
 And knocked him down, but he did not mind that.
 He lost his sword, but with a rail in hand,
 He uttered these brave, stern words of command.
 "Come on, boys, we'll give them the bayonet."
 Brave men like these the world can ne'er forget.
 The name of this hero I will now tell,
 It is a name his soldiers loved so well,
 A man they loved to talk about with pride,
 Because he had fought with them side by side
 In the great charges he had bravely led.
 "There is no braver man," his soldiers said,

Than Clingman, the beloved Thomas L.
 And still his grim old soldiers love to tell
 About the brimless hat and the bomb shell,
 And how their leader in this battle fell,
 While he was leading those heroes that day,
 Those noble, faithful en who wore the gray.
 With joy, they love to say that he arose
 And made the charge upon retreating foes.
 The famous brimless hat is with us yet,
 The hat that Thomas Clingman wore ;
 And he who wore it we will ne'er forget,
 Though he is here with us no more :
 Above the clouds extends his noble fame ;
 His name is on the mountain high,
 Great Smokey's highest peak recalls the name
 Of him whose deeds shall never die.



N. C. IN THE CIVIL WAR.

We had more soldiers in the Civil War
 Than any other Southern State by far.
 And more were wounded and were killed outright
 Than any other in the Civil fight.
 At Bethel, Carolina first you know,
 At Appomattox, she was last also,
 At Gettysburg, the furthest there to go.
 Our noble Old North State was first and last ;
 And led the charge the furthest in the fight :
 And may she in the future as the past
 Always be leading in the cause of right.

N. C. FIRST.

North Carolina is, a State
 Of noble deeds and men so great :
 And the first spot, it has been said,
 In the New World to have been tread
 By feet of English women fair ;
 Also the first soil tilled with care
 By English men who settled there
 On Roanoke so very fair.
 This island too is the place where
 A little girl, Virginia Dare
 By name was born, of English fame ;
 The first in the New World, we claim ;
 Dare County still retains her name,
 When England passed those unjust laws,
 The people fought for freedom's cause ;
 The first at Alamance to die
 For freedom that came by and by.
 First to declare their liberty,
 And first to gain a victory.



N. C. FIRST, NO. 2.

I sing the praise of the North State,
 First in this Union grand and great,
 For here the English first did dwell ;
 Here the first English birth as well ;
 Her freedom first she did declare ;
 And gave defiance ev'rywhere.

First to resist a big gun-boat ;
 First to instruct her men to vote
 For liberty when it came up ;
 The first to drink the bitter cup
 At Alamance where they went down,
 And spilt their blood upon the ground.
 The first to fight the unjust laws ;
 The first to die for freedom's cause ;
 The first to gain a victory ;
 And triumph over tyranny.



CAROLINA.

Oh, Carolina, I love thee
 "From Currituck to Cherokee,"
 And "from the mountains to the sea :"
 Land of the brave and of the free.

Dear Carolina, none can claim
 A more unselfish, boundless fame :
 Thy liberty first to proclaim :
 I glory in thy very name.

Yes, Carolina, noble land,
 You were the first to take your stand
 And your inherent right demand,
 And first to break the Tyrant's band

Your sons were first in battle slain ;
 First in a martyr's grave were lain ;

And first a victory to gain ;
The first to break the Tyrant's chain.

And when you called in sixty-one,
Your call was answered by each son,
Who bravely faced the sword and gun.
Their noble deeds surpassed by none.

Your brave sons all both great and small
Responded quickly to your call ;
And Wyatt was the first of all
In this great cruel war to fall.

At Bethel Church, this hero fell,
With many other sons as well,
Killed by the cruel shot and shell :
Of these sad things, I hate to tell.

At Gettysburg your Pettigrew,
With a great host of others too,
Went furthest in the lines of blue,
And died like heroes brave and true.

At Appomattox, your true band,
With Grimes and Gordon in command,
Were the last to make a bold stand
For their great chief and native land.

When the disaster of the Maine
Caused the great war with little Spain,
Worth Bagley was the first one slain :
Oh, Carolina, first again.

THE TAR HEEL STATE.

Among the states so great and true
Of Uncle Sam, both old and new,
None have a nobler truer fame
That can surpass the Tar Heel's name.
For here her sons were true and tried,
And for their country fought and died.
The Stamp Act was a great disgrace
To all the Anglo-Saxon race.
Our State resisted this with force,
The only one that took that course:
For Colonel Ashe had boldly said,
'We will resist until it's dead.'
The people, with Ashe and Waddell,
Forbid the men the stamps to sell;
And made them take a solemn vow,
Which they faithfully kept I trow.
Now Tryon wished to please the men,
And gain their friendship once again;
He made a feast to one and all;
The men rushed up at Tryon's call;
They overturned the kegs of beer,
And threw the ox in the Cape Fear.
Here the first blood was also shed,
Where patriots so freely bled,
And twenty of them were left dead,
And more of Tryon's men it's said,
Before the Regulators fled.
The fight of Alamance, you see,
Was the first one for liberty.
And freedom was first declared here,

Before our Congress a fullyear.
No state had done so bold an act,
Not even Uncle Sam in fact.
The twenty-seven men who signed
Possessed a strong prophetic mind:
And were both brave and true, no doubt,
And they knew what they were about.
The first state to instruct to vote
For liberty when it was wrote
In the form of a document
Which for all the states it was meant,
To publish to the outside world,
That freedom hath her flag unfurled.
Here the first victory was won,
For braver men ne'er shot a gun.
The battle of Moore's Creek was fought,
And a great victory was wrought.
Yes, Moore's Creek Bridge is noted for
This victory gained in this war.
Both north and south her sons were sent,
For freedom's cause they boldly went.
And fought for freedom's righteous cause,
And spurned the cruel unjust laws.
The battle of the Court House fought,
A blessing to our country wrought.
It broke the bands of tyranny,
Assured the cause of liberty.
Cornwallis, driven from the state,
Met a humiliating fate.
Yes, this is the land of the brave,
Where freedom's flag will ever wave.

THE TAR HEEL STATE.

(A Song, Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

The varied beauty of our State
 Is picturesque and grand,
 And her resources are so great
 In this our lovely land.

Chorus:

I love the good old Tar Heel State,
 I glory in the name,
 For on a famous battle-field,
 Her soldiers won that fame.

The first of all the battles won
 With bayonets and guns,
 Which taught the State it could be done,
 Was by her noble sons.

Then let me sing a song of praise
 To those who made our State,
 And gave their lives in those dark days,
 These are the truly great.

Her girls with beauty, love and grace,
 So nobly did their part,
 With roses blooming on their face,
 They cheered the soldiers heart.

Then let her sons defend her cause,
 And do not emigrate,
 But stay at home obey the laws,
 And strive to educate.

THE STATE IN WHICH I LIVE.

(A Song. Tune: "A Friend.")

Out of this Union truly great,
 This Union good and strong,
 There is no truer nobler State,
 Than this I praise in song.

Chorus:

Then honor to the Old North State,
 Yes, honor I will give,
 Because she is so good and great,
 The state in which I live.

This is the state in which I live,
 The state I love so well,
 Whose sons their lives did freely give,
 For freedom's cause they fell.

Her sons were first for liberty,
 And firmly took their stand,
 And boldly said they would be free
 In this our Tar Heel land.

At Mecklenburg and Alamance,
 And other places too,
 In those dark days of hope and chance,
 Her sons were always true.

Her sons were first and last always,
 And furthest in the fight,
 And they deserve the greatest praise,
 Who stand up for the right.

I LOVE MY NATIVE STATE.

Oh, how I love my native land!
 The home of long-leaf pines;
 Whose forms in graceful beauty stand,
 Draped round with lovely vines.

I love the dear old Tar Heel State,
 Here where the peanuts grow:
 Land of the noble, free, and great;
 Her record all should know.

I love my native mountain home,
 Home of the chestnut tree:
 Among her peaks I love to roam
 In the land of the free.

I love my native country well,
 More than all other lands;
 And in her borders I will dwell,
 Here where the Pilot stands.

Then let us love the Old North State,
 So noble and so grand:
 Give honor to the good and great:
 Defend our native land.



N. C.

Can Spain surpass this land of ours?
 Can Rome with all you can behold?
 Can Greece with all her leafy bowers?
 Can Scotland with her lakes of gold?

Can France with all her lovely flowers?
 Can the Rhine with her castles old?
 Or can the Alps though grand they be?
 Surpass the beauty of N. C.?



NORTH CAROLINA IS MY HOME.

From Smoky Mountains to the Sea,
 A land as pretty as can be,
 Where many Indians long did roam,
 North Carolina is my home.
 Here where the lovely mountains high
 Reach far into the light blue sky,
 Six thousand feet above the sea;
 Full forty of these peaks there be.

The Mountain Country is so wide,
 Yes, forty miles from side to side;
 And thrice as far from end to end:
 Her lovely beauty does extend
 From Stokes and Ashe to Cherokee,
 And from Blue Ridge to Tennessee:
 Where Cherokee so long did roam:
 North Carolina is my Home.

Black Dome or Mitchell's Great High Peak
 And more of which I cannot speak
 Which fill the soul of man with awe,
 And make him think of nature's law,
 The works of God so good and great,
 And God himself who formed our state,

His love to poor degraded men,
His plan to bring him back again.

Here too are placid pools and lakes,
While Linville Falls grand music makes ;
The water, in its mighty leap,
Is made to foam up in a heap,
And form a mass as white as snow
When it leaps in a pool below.
From Stokes and Ashe to Cherokee
Are scenes as pretty as can be.

And other falls, like Toxaway,
Make liquid music night and day :
And then the sparkling crystal lake,
What lovely beauty it doth make !
A silver beauty in the night,
Reflected by the moon's pale light ;
A golden beauty in the day,
Reflected by the sun's red ray.

French Broad a silver thread unrolled,
Whose beauty never can be told,
And Swananoah fair and grand,
Are lovely rivers in this land.
Here mountain peaks stand side by side,
Each rears his form in kingly pride :
Great gaps and caves the eyes behold,
And nature that can not be told.

The scenery here on each hand
Is wild and picturesque and grand.
Sweet flowers beautiful to see,

Which grow upon both bush and tree,
 The Rhododendron, Laurel rare
 Perfume the soft delightful air.
 From River Dan to Great Pedee
 Will ever be the land for me.

And here are lovely maidens too,
 With minds so bright and hearts so true,
 With souls so pure and forms so sweet,
 Not pressed in style but dressed right neat,
 So they can breathe refreshing air,
 That makes them rosy, stout and fair:
 Aglow with health and eyes of blue;
 And they can paddle their canoe.

From Smoky Mountains to the Sea,
 Where many Indians long did roam,
 A land as pretty as can be,
 North Carolina is my Home.



N. C. FLAG.

I love the banner of my State,
 Flag of the free and of the great:
 A prouder emblem none can claim
 Than that of Carolina's fame.
 Two dates upon the flag I find,
 With glory, these refresh the mind.
 A motto too for you and me,
 Which is: "Esse quam videri,"
 Which means: Not to seem but to be.

Then place the flag where you can see,
The emblem of the brave and free.



A LOVELY LAND.

While on Moore's Knob I take my stand,
And view the land both north and west,
As far as mortal eyes can see,
I see sweet beauties on each hand,
In this our land that I like best,
The land that's good enough for me.
The Saura Mountains here extend
In lovely grandeur side by side,
Yes, twenty miles from end to end;
From north to south not quite so wide.
Three thousand feet into the sky,
They rear their forms above the sea;
While River Dan goes rushing by,
And, as it frolics in its glee,
It bathes their feet while on its way,
And as it, dashing, splashing goes,
It makes sweet music night and day:
And as it, roaring, foaming, flows,
Entrances with its liquid lay.
Three rivers side by side it seems,
Whose water in the sunlight gleams;
While Demon's Rock stands in its pride,
On the bank of the river side.
And water-falls so grand I find;
And healing springs of ev'ry kind;
Vade Mecum, Moores and Piedmont too,

Will give the best of health to you.
 The Pilot, too, so fair and grand,
 Stands in this lovely, healthy land.
 All of these things are grand to see:
 This land is good enough for me.



A LOVELY-SCENE.

I stood upon a mountain high,
 And took a view of land and sky,
 And of the river Dan near by,
 Which calls forth Chief Dannaha's fame,
 From whom the Dan received its name.
 The mountains too likewise the same,
 Named for his Indian tribe or band,
 Whose home was in this lovely land.
 The Pilot too on my left hand,
 To which I dearly love to go,
 Which is an Indian name also,
 Can scenes be more sublime below?



THE YADKIN RIVER.

At a house by the river side,
 I sat on the rock step one day,
 And watched the Yadkin in its pride,
 As it went swiftly on its way.
 The sun was shedding his last ray,
 The moon was ready with its light,
 At the close of this lovely day,
 To give a silver ray by night.

The sky was of a clear pale blue,
 The roaring river was clear too,
 Alone I sat in the twilight.
 To view this lovely, limpid sight,
 And hear the mighty river roar.
 To the south for a mile or more,
 I view the stream from shore to shore :
 A sight I ne'er had seen before.
 The sun and moon together seem
 To try to make her waters gleam :
 On either side the stream are seen
 Great bluffs and hills with valleys green
 That nestle now and then between.
 I looked till the last light of day
 Had slowly, gently passed away :
 And then I turned my anxious eyes
 To the great vaulted, cloudless skies.
 The twinkling stars were shining bright,
 Though partly hid by the moon's light.
 And then my mind was wafted high
 Beyond the scenes of earth and sky
 To Him who made the sea and land,
 And all things by word of command,
 And reigneth over all in love
 On his great throne in Heaven above.



THE SAURA MOUNTAINS.

The Saura Mountains are so fair :
 Some peaks are clothed with verdure rare,
 With flowers that perfume the air,

And trees agrowing here and there :
 While others formed of rock are bare.
 With lovely beauty ev'ry where,
 And grandeur that can not be told ;
 Although the eye can yet behold
 New beauties as they still unfold
 In this delightful land of gold.
 But tongue nor pen can not describe
 The beauty of each mountain side,
 When autumn gives its coat of hue
 To tree and plant and flowers too,
 A thousand shades with red and blue,
 The colors of our flag so true.
 A thousand colors of the leaves
 Are waving gently in the breeze.
 Fair beauties are seen at each turn,
 And laurel and the scalloped fern,
 The cedar and the graceful pine,
 The ivy and the fruitful vine,
 The chestnuts falling from the trees
 In the delightful autumn breeze.
 Ah, these are scenes to make us glad !
 Yet many are the hearts that's sad.



THE PILOT MOUNTAIN.

The Pilot Mountain truly grand,
 A wonderful freak in the land.
 And, when we on his top doth stand,
 We see fair beauties on each hand.
 For art and nature both we meet,

Which make the picture all complete.
 Three thousand feet above the sea,
 He is as lovely as can be.

Entrancing views doth then unfold:
 Scenes that are grand we can behold.
 This picture charms the man of art,
 And thrills the poet's mind and heart.
 Each way we lok gives great delight:
 The Yadkin River is in sight,
 And Ararat, so very bright,
 Reflects the sun's bewitching light.

Then towns and lands for man to till,
 With fertile plains and wooded hill;
 All these are to be seen at will;
 And other things to cause a thrill
 To enter in the souls of men,
 And help to bring them back again
 To him who formed them by his hand,
 And made the ocean and the land.

With mountains north and east and west,
 It forms a picture I like best.
 And Pilot and Mount Airy too,
 With Pinnacle, also in view,
 With birds and flowers on each hand,
 Brooks frolicking along their strand,
 With rivers at the Pilot's feet,
 Make all the beauty now complete.

And, from his mighty bosom fair,
 Gush forth refreshing springs so rare,

That form the little crystal rills,
 That rush down to the lovely hills,
 And make sweet music as they go,
 And reach the Yadkin there below.
 A thousand beauties we can see:
 This land is good enough for me.

Birds of rare beauty we may meet,
 That thrill the soul with songs so sweet;
 And blushing fruit is also seen,
 With fields of grain and meadows green;
 And many kinds of flowers rare,
 Which smell so sweet, perfume the air.
 A thousand beauties we can see:
 This land is good enough for me.



THE PILOT.

I am now sitting on the Pilot high,
 That reaches far into the light blue sky:
 My feet are in the famous "Moses track"?
 The Little Pinnacle is at my back.
 The Saura Mountains are in front of me,
 A lovely sight for any one to see.
 Blue Ridge on left, and Stony on the right,
 With other mountains, what a lovely sight.
 The noble Yadkin can also be seen,
 With lovely hills and meadows green between.
 'Tis spring, the rosy morn of life and love,
 All nature is touched by the hand above:
 And field and wood have on their coat of green;

A thousand shades of beauty are now seen.
 It is a beautiful and lovely day,
 The fourth of the delightful month of May:
 And all of nature has put on new life,
 And seems rejoicing like a new wed wife.
 The little birds are singing in the trees:
 The leaves are waving gently in the breeze.
 Alone upon this rock I sit up here;
 Yet God our blessed Lord is ever near,
 With lovely nature here around combined,
 All this contents and elevates the mind.
 Wild flowers and birds add to my delight,
 For the most lovely scenes are in my sight.
 As far as the eye can see all around,
 Are scenes as beautiful as can be found
 On this, our native, or on foreign ground.



THE PILOT, NO. 2.

The grand old Pilot, broad and high,
 Lifts his head far into the sky:
 Three thousand feet, it has been said.
 This giant rears his mighty head.
 His head, three hundred feet in high,
 Of solid rock, O, what a sight!
 Trees growing in the soil on top,
 Where birds of beauty skip and hop
 Wild flowers, so sweet and so rare,
 Perfume the soft delightful air.
 Yes, dear old mountain as you stand
 Serene and picturesque and grand,

And rear your head into the sky,
 When we look on you and pass by,
 May you remind us of him on high
 Who made all things both great and small.
 And reigneth over one and all.



FROM STATESVILLE TO LAKE TOXAWAY.

The scenery along the way
 From Statesville to Lake Toxaway
 Is lovely, picturesque and grand:
 On left and right and either hand,
 Are beauties that I can not tell,
 Although I see and know them well.
 The mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes,
 Each one a lovely picture makes.
 Up the Catawba first we glide,
 Whose valleys are so very wide.
 The Swananoah we come to,
 Then a few tunnels we go through,
 Mount after mount is now in sight,
 Both on the left and on the right.
 Along the French Broad then we go,
 Whose beauty I wish all to know:
 But I can not its beauty tell,
 Although I love this river well.
 High mountains on each hand are seen,
 And lovely valleys are between.
 Then up the mountains as we go,
 Of course the train was very slow.

Mount after mount and side by side,
 As they stand in their knightly pride,
 Whose tops reach far into the sky,
 With awe we gaze as we pass by.
 The beauty of Lake Toxaway,
 I will now only have to say,
 A silver cloth fringed round with gold,
 Would leave her beauty yet untold.
 The falls are lovely and sublime,
 But it would be a waste of time
 To try to tell of these to you,
 So I will bid you all adieu.



ON THE BEACH.

As on the sandy beach I stand,
 And view the sea as well as land,
 I see great glory on each hand.
 The view, as far as eye can see,
 Is just as pretty as can be:
 It is sublime and grand to me
 To view the raging, foaming sea:
 The waves and tides so very high;
 Beneath a clear and sunny sky:
 The ripples in the sun so bright
 Roll up and sparkle in the light:
 Oh, what a lovely sight to meet!
 As they come foaming at your feet,
 And, surging forth from side to side,
 Show forth their lovely queenly pride.

The ocean then is never still,
 But surging back and forth at will.
 And also on the other hand,
 I then turn my eyes toward the land,
 Where drifted hills of snow-white sand,
 And lovely plains and valley green,
 Add to the beauty of the scene, .
 While grass and vines and flowers rare
 Perfume the pure delightful air.



THE ARARAT.

On this the twenty-third of June,
 My writing box is in good tune.
 I'll sit here by the river side,
 And watch the waters in their pride,
 So swiftly flowing in their glee,
 And rushing onward to the sea.
 Exalted thoughts then come to me,
 Thoughts of the great Eternity.
 The place that I am sitting at
 Is by the roaring Ararat.
 With nature and art here combined,
 They stimulate the heart and mind.
 White Sulphur Spring is at my right,
 Surrounded by a lovely sight.
 And fronting the stream parallel,
 Extends a beautiful hotel.
 A lovely valley is between,
 And coated o'er with grasses green,
 With flowers, blooming here and there,

Which smell so sweet, perfume the air ;
And shaded with so many trees,
Whose leaves wave gently in the breeze.
This valley is surrounded by
The verdant hills both low and high.
Out of the bosom of these hills,
Gush forth the springs and tiny rills ;
And, as they frolic on their way,
Make liquid music all the day.
The birds join in with their delight ;
Frogs in the chorus join at night.
The whipporwill joins in the play,
And thrills us with his lonesome lay.
Perchance the owl may come and hoot ;
The little owl may screech to boot.
But as the river rolls along,
It murmurs one continued song.
'Tis never idle night nor day,
But always rushing on its way.
A lesson then that we may see,
All nature works for you and me :
Both in the day and in the night,
And in the darkness and the light,
In spring and summer and the fall,
And winter, nature works for all.
Another lesson we should get,
Which is the most important yet.
Away up yonder by the hill,
There starts a little silver rill ;
Indeed it is so very small,
But yet important after all,

For, as it then flows through the hills,
It's joined by other little rills;
And as it journeys in its course,
It gains in size and speed and force:
And rolling o'er its rocky bed,
By other streams, then it is fed.
Then on its way it goes a dashing,
Down cataracts it goes a splashing,
And gives the rocks below a thrashing,
And goes against the bank a lashing;
And when it makes a mighty leap,
It foams up in a silver heap.
As it goes dashing, splashing by
Mount Airy, it gets a new supply;
Then to the Yadkin it doth flee,
With this it empties in the sea.
The thought that simply comes to me
Is, like a stream our lives should be,
And, as we journey on our way,
We ought to work and trust and pray;
In ev'rything our God obey;
And gather strength each night and day,
And grow in grace and knowledge too,
Our duty we should always do,
And learn to paddle our canoe,
And to our God and man be true;
For soon we all will reach the sea,
The great sea of Eeternity.

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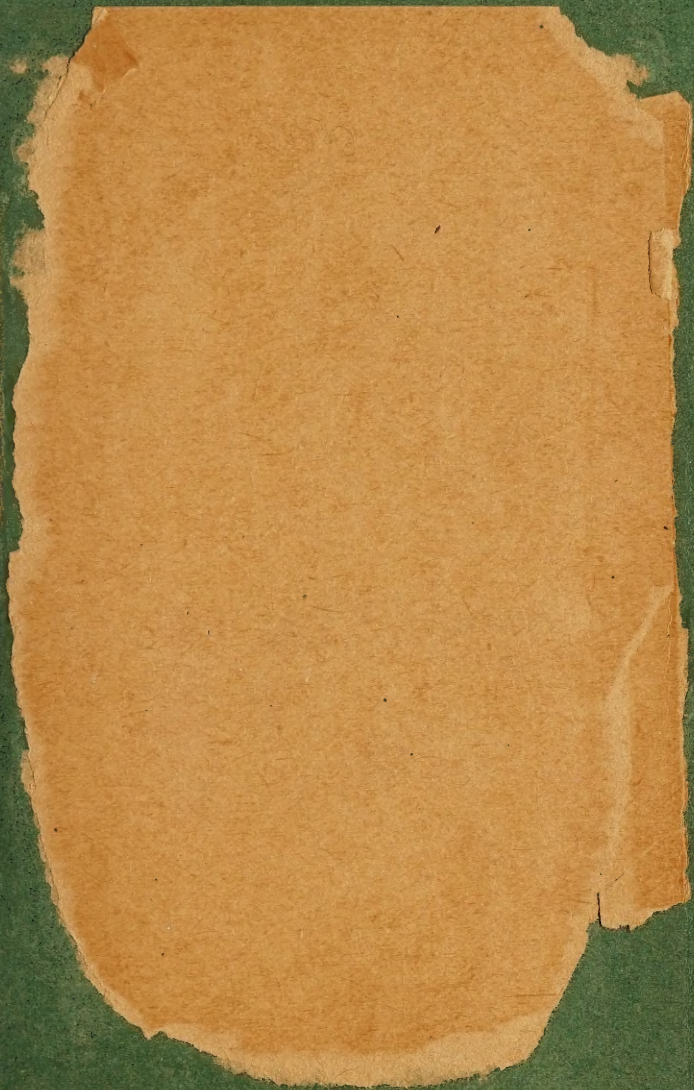
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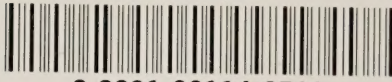


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